

## 100 JUMBO GEM CLIPS AND SOME HOLLYWOOD CIGARETTES

you know, driving through this town or any town walking through this town or any town I just see people with assholes, nostrils, fingers, feet, eyes, mouths, ears, chins, eyebrows and so forth. I go into a cafe, sit down and order breakfast, look around and I am conscious of skulls and skeletons stuffed with matter and I watch a man stick a piece of bacon in his mouth and I think, you are dead, but I don't like to consider my own death because I might have someplace else to go and I've had enough trouble here, being right here. like

maybe it's all those snakes in glass cages, they can't move about, breathe right, kill right, they ought to let them out and they ought to empty the jails too as soon as I get my luger in order and my dogs unleashed, what do you think?  
the

buildings are constructed wrong and the human body too; I sometimes watch ballet dancers leaping about and I think, that's really ugly and awkward -- the human body is built wrong, it's ungainly and stupid.... compared to what? compared to the cactus and the leopard.  
well,

my women have always said, "you're so negative!" and I've looked at them and answered, "I find reality negative." compared to what? unreality ... yet, for all of that I've had more joy than any of them, they were positive and depressed, positively complaining.  
well,

it could be the firemen sitting about waiting for a fire, it could be some guy in Moscow going down on some 6 year old girl, it could be that fog is no longer fog the way it used to be -- fresh, wet, cooling; now it's mixed with tiny ashes of imbecility, but everything's hurting: they found some guy playing football for U.C.L.A. who couldn't read or write but Christ he had a body, what a body, he might have gotten by but he got upset and murdered his drug dealer and they found out in lock-up that he wasn't much of a college boy, just kind of a kept goldfish. which reminds me

hardly anybody keeps goldfish anymore; you know when I was a kid, one household out of 3 had a goldfish bowl



with goldfish ... what happened to that, Marty? they even had goldfish ponds in backyards covered with slimey moss and under that moss, hundreds of goldfish, small, medium, large, they just lived on breadcrumbs and some of those fuckers got so fat and stupid they just rose to the top and flattened out there, one eye to the sun, quits, like some bad message of the future, but people quit too.

there

was this fighter, got \$5 million for going in there, he was the Macho Man, had never been defeated but he got in there with a guy who could handle him and some rounds later he just turned his back and quit and later he told the press: "stomach cramps." you'd figure for \$5 million a man could stand a little stomach ache, I've seen men get their entire lives destroyed for 55 cents an hour and less.

well,

maybe men ought to piss sitting down and women ought to piss standing up; maybe it's the lines in the sidewalk that drive us crazy. I can't open with this hand; I pass; I need a young girl with green knee socks with yellow stripes to throw a wet towel at me.

the

placidity is enormous as a photo of a man in a canoe rolls toward me, CITY FISH MARKET, it says and I look down, I look up, I look sideways, the proper feast is in the malfunction, let the old songs play yowling memories, it's the way it is.

it's

the masonry, it's the water pump, it's the hog in the hedge, it's the ending of the luck, the angels are flying low with burning wings, your mother is the victim of her ordinary nightmares, 40 faucets are dripping, the cat is in heat, only 245 days until Christmas, the dental assistant hated me the last time.

now

I wake up with a stiff neck instead of a stiff dick.  
you

can write me in Denver,  
Colo.

-- Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA